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# THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.

No. 22. [NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, MARCH 5, 1825.

VOL. II.

## POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,  
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction drest.—GRAY.

For the Minerva.

### THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGHANY;

OR NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

*An American Tale.*

BY J. G. B.

—“Egregias animas, quæ sanguine nobis  
Hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis  
Muneribus.”—VIRGIL.

I HAVE always been an attentive, if not an intelligent observer of human character, as displayed in the various situations of life. Whether it has been a study more fraught with pain than with pleasure, I am not prepared to say; but if it be a pursuit that needs justification, it is enough that I have found it a source of *moral* instruction. I have learned to despise the fool of unbridled and insolent prosperity; to hate and condemn the profligate of successful cunning, and to bow respectfully before virtue and honour, which the world is too busy to seek out, or too vile to appreciate. A mind, naturally restless, and untrammelled by the ties or connexions which ordinarily render men stationary, has urged me over “many a shore and many a sea.” In the course of my wanderings, I have often witnessed scenes that might well claim the interest of those (are there any such?) who can feel for sufferings which do not form a part of their own destiny; in other words, who are sincerely philanthropists without vanity or ambition beneath the cloak of benevolence. The subject of the present narrative will not flatter individual self-sufficiency, nor pamper national pride: in some it may excite asperity by recalling unwelcome recollections of violated faith and spotted honour; nevertheless, it shall be fearlessly told.

In the winter of 18— I was travelling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleghanies, I left my horse in the charge of a peasant, and ascended on foot.

I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the habitations beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gathered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was leaning on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin, sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, although on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The desertion, however, seemed only temporary, as a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seating myself on a rough bench, began by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. “What miserable outcast,” thought I, “can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have impelled the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflowings of the rich man’s table may find their way to the poor man’s board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whither the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him?—Is it crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?”

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. Shade after shade flitted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overheated fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery,



yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downwards, a shadow like the form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man, coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting-gun, and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burthen to his aged frame. "A stranger in my cabin," he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. "A stranger," said I, "who is in need of hospitality." A slight flush apparently of pain rose to his cheek as he replied, "If a seat by my hearth-fire and a repast of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all it is in my power to offer." With these words, he laid aside his burthen, and divesting himself of his outward garments, kindled a light, and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that rivalled winter in whiteness. His clear gray eye had a military quickness in its motion, and seemed as if it should belong to one who had watched the movements of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bounds of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well-bred aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. "How happens it," I said, "that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?" "Young man," the stranger replied, "it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadows of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave

a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both. Listen to my words, and if while I speak, your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I *curse* not, but *forgive*.— You ask what has made me an exile from life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is, the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life:

"Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banner your fathers followed to battle forty years ago; one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tenant of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once princely fortune; the last of a time-honoured family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and for ever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was the loudest in conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge of the brave? To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But, to my story:— my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggressions and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardently and firmly; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich; the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessities of life: the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the



means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be familiar to every man between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and that destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her destitution; and how, think you, was I paid?"

"Surely," said I, "with heartfelt gratitude and boundless liberality."

"With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!" exclaimed the aged man: "the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity, until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England's chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free."

"What," said I, "were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled?"

"Promptly acknowledged!" he replied with mingled grief and irony, "know you not, that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that deliberation is never prompt? Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its ruling principle is *economy*, and that economy is never cheerful in parting with its ore?"

"But surely," I interposed, "the nation was *just*, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?"

"Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice," was the reply:—"When I exhibited my accounts against the government, there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceedings; the importunities of an aged, forlorn, and famished man, were considered as froward obtrusions. I was friendless and un-influential, I could neither uplift the aspiring nor prop the falling; my prayer was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not interpose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A win-

ter passed, and left my claims undecided; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that? the men who were to canvass my claims, fared sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days, did not shrink from my adversity.—He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capitol to my obscure retreat in the metropolis, and with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honoured seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!\* At last my claims were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the fangs of the law and thrown, in mid-winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for the active and warm-hearted charity of woman.† It is about a month since a pension of a few hundred dollars a year was awarded me in lieu of my claim for some thousands."

"How," I exclaimed, "a pension! then government has made a profitable bargain, for your exhausted frame already leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of the pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clod will rattle on your coffin."—Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled! fate had already given the last turn to the hour-glass of his life, and its sands were nearly wasted.

"I came hither yesterday," continued he, "to take a last look at my mountain hut, and to prepare for removal a few family memorials, the only valuables which it contains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time in these wilds:‡ to-morrow, when we descend the mountain I will acquaint you with other particulars in my eventful life, and I will then tell you who I

\* A friend of the writer heard this from the lips of General St. Clair himself. He mentioned it in terms of warm gratitude. Although a generous man does not wish his good actions to be blazoned forth, we trust that the veteran's benefactor will forgive us for mentioning his name, it is William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury.

† A fact.

‡ General St. Clair was, in his old age, reduced to the necessity of keeping a miserable



am. And now, good night, we both need repose."

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body! I had observed, during his recital, that his frame frequently shook as if struggling between mental excitement and physical debility. Paleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheek as his excited feelings contended with his languid frame. An undefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart, as I bade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. I wrapped my cloak around me and threw myself upon the floor, but I could not sleep. About midnight I was startled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in pain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened; it was repeated again and again, in tones that struck shrillingly on my heart. I sprung to the door, and entered the other room; the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brands for light. I opened the narrow casement; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow, it was damp and cold—I touched his breast; the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. "Merciful God!" I exclaimed "he is dying! here, in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning." "Benevolent stranger," he murmured, brokenly and faintly, "what aid can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour has come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and"—His voice ceased; I heard the death-rattle rising in his throat; I raised him gently in my arms, and the heart-broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom!

The storm was yet howling without as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. "Yes," I exclaimed, "on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may mourn his death, though cold and selfish man will learn it without emotion."

At last the gray dawn of light specked the horizon, and gradually ascended the East, ushering in the morrow on which the

tavern on the high-road of the Alleghanies, while at the same time he had demands against the government which, had they been promptly met, would have rendered his situation comfortable. It is on this fact the present tale is founded.

old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it and for ever, for a home where the memory of coldness and ingratitude can not darken the brightness of the blessed; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breasts of each and all of those whose neglect traced on his faded cheek the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation gave the necessary orders for his burial, and the hero, whose bier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the earth by a few hireling peasants. Such is national gratitude! Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn, and on the inner cover I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, "ARTHUR ST. CLAIR."

### THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh,  
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too.

F. R. S.—When it was the custom for the wits of the age to assemble at Millar's, the bookseller, at Whitehall, Maitland's History of London and Westminster had just come out. He being quizzed among them on the score of intellect—a young man with still less of that commodity was turning over the book in Millar's shop one morning:—"Hey! what! Charles Maitland, Esq. F. R. S.—F. R. S. what does that mean, Millar?" Millar cast an arch glance at a Scottish Baronet sitting at the end of the counter, whose name we have forgot, but who went amongst them by that of the mad Baronet. "I say, Millar—F. R. S.—F. R. S. what does that mean?" "Mean," says the mad Baronet, starting up: "Why it means *Fellow Remarkably Stupid!*" and out of the shop he darted, while Maitland, who was at the other end, listening to what might be said of his work, could not help joining in the laughter this occasioned.

DR. HUXHAM, the physician, had two very plain, deformed daughters. They were one day standing with their father at his door, waiting to be let in. Two sailors came by; said one to the other, "Look Jack, what angels!" "Angels!" repeated Jack, "they are two of the ugliest women I ever saw." "Nay," replied Jack, "I assure you they are angels, for you may see their wings are budding." The Doctor was so pleased with the fellow's wit, that he gave him half-a-crown.



## THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

### CELTIC SKETCHES.

#### No. II.

For several miles, our road lay through a thick forest of pines, numbers of which are annually floated down the river, and sawed into planks and deals of very fine and durable quality; and under the shade of the pine trees, the falling spines of which seemed very unfavourable to the growth of the heather, mountain berries grew in great abundance, and of very superior size and flavour. We lingered among these till the shadows were on the mountains, and such a night as that country knows at midsummer—a night surpassing in light many a day in the British metropolis, but sat down on us, ere we came to the place where we were to halt for the night. That was a little knot of farm-houses, or rather huts, on the banks of a beautiful lake, and sheltered from the north by woods and mountains. We arrived just as the people were driving home their cattle. These swam across the lake, and we proceeded upward a little, to a place where we could ford the stream. One of our party (for by this time we had recruited to the number of five or six) was a young man from Edinburgh, who affected great refinement of manners, and by that excited much of the contempt and wonder of the hardy Celts. When we came to the river, they dashed at once into the stream; we followed their example, and it was not long till we were shaking ourselves on the opposite bank, very much refreshed by the ablution.

One fine gentleman lingered behind till all had crossed, save one hearty Highland lass, who kept encouraging him, in language which he could not understand. Our guide came up to me, and asked if there would be any harm in ducking the creature. I assured him that there would be none in the world. Having obtained my permission, he called in English to Christian, the young woman, to “teak ta shontleman on your back, an’ O be sure to keep her dry,” adding a sentence of Gaelic which I did not understand, but which had the effect of collecting the natives together, and giving them that grinning air which promises or expects a little amusement. The Celtic lass took the Lowland dandy on her shoulders, bringing his legs one across each, and manœuvring them in front like a pair of drum-sticks, and jerking him up and down, till the recovery of his hat and umbrella cost him sixpence a piece to the cowherd boy. When she came to the middle of the stream, she stumbled as

if by accident, and threw the unfortunate wight into the river, but retaining fast hold of one of his feet, dragged him to the bank, and there scampered off, leaving him to the pity of the grinning Celts. Nor did his sorrows end here; he had with him no change of apparel, and therefore was constrained to be present at the entertainment which the farmer insisted on giving us, habited in a kilt and tartan jacket; and as part of the entertainment was a dance, and a rather prolonged one, he cut a more amusing figure than himself had any conception of. When we had wearied ourselves with dancing and drinking copious libations of whisky, we were shewn to our sleeping births, or rather, they were shewn to us. They were in the same barn in which we had been dancing, and were as simple as can well be imagined. A pit was dug to the depth of about six inches, and was surrounded by a margin of turf which increased it to six inches more. This was filled with heather, set thickly together with the roots downwards, and fresh and fragrant from the hills. One blanket thrown over the heather formed the bed, and another constituted the whole of the covering; and, humble as was the couch, I never enjoyed a more healthful or refreshing night. I know not whether the spirits and fairies who still linger in those lonely regions had come to bless our midnight slumbers, whether the lasses with whom we previously had been dancing had come to smile on us in our sleep, or whether it was merely dreams; but certain I am, that angels of some sort or other hovered near us, and broke our slumbers in no very disagreeable manner. There is a purity of life, as well as of air, in those elevated solitudes, which forbids the rancour not only of slander but of suspicion.

## THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,  
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,  
So long the just and generous will befriend,  
And triumph on her efforts still attend. Brooks.

### NEW-YORK THEATRE.

AMONG the good old plays which have been brought out this season, none have given more satisfaction than “She stoops to Conquer.” It has so much of that which characterizes every production of Goldsmith, *nature*, it is so abundant in true wit and humorous incident, that it cannot be too frequently performed. Miss Hardcastle could not desire a better representative than Miss Kelly, and much as we have been pleased with all her performances, we consider this her best character. The intro-



ductory conversation with Marlow is admirably managed. The archness with which she leads him to talk, the watchful expression of face when listening to his replies as if investigating their good sense or silliness, the satisfaction she betrays at discovering a sensible mind beneath his sheepish manners, are specimens of very fine acting.

Hilson displays his abilities very handsomely in Tony Lumpkin; he shows us the romping, roystering, and good-natured squire to the life. But in none of his characters, well as he sustains them all, does he equal his Billy Lackaday. He throws out some new subject of merriment every time it is performed; some slight change in the form of expression, or some new cast of countenance, that gives to every repetition of the character an air of novelty. Hilson's comic reputation stands higher than ever.

Miss Johnson's new character of Laura affords her an opportunity of showing to great advantage the sprightly and animated grace that adorns her acting.

#### PARIS THEATRES.

Nov. 15, 1824.

**THEATRE DE L' ODEON.**—A tragedy, entitled *Fiesco*, by M. Ancelot, was brought out at this house, founded on the following story:

The Doge Doria has fallen under the displeasure of his fellow-citizens; the Genoese flag remains inglorious; the people are unhappy; strangers rule and dispose of the energies and the victories of the old republicans. Some warm partisans of liberty murmur, collect and attempt to conspire in secret; but their slow manœuvres lead to no result: Verrina, who is in some respect their chief and patriarch, finds neither arms nor vessels nor soldiers at their disposal. Fiesco has for a long time loved his country; but seduced by the pleasures of a noble opulence, attracted by the allurements of an almost oriental court, he forgets, or feigns to forget, the captivity of his country. The clank of the public fetters is mingled with the harmonious sounds of his dances and concerts, and neither disturb his stoical indifference, nor his charming projects of *fêtes*, banquets, and tournaments. Love also absorbs his time. Leonora, his wife, finds herself abandoned for a rival, and weeps for Fiesco, whose innate worth adapts him for becoming the model of citizens and husbands. Verrina, and those who follow his party, exert themselves vainly to rekindle the slumbering love of glory in his bosom. All their efforts are abortive.

At length the daughter of Verrina is carried off, and the Doge is the author of this rape; the cry of vengeance is roused; and that cry for the first time resounds beneath the windows of the palace of Fiesco. The latter, like a new Brutus, then discovers himself; he seizes his arms; distributes pledges of victory; and points out allies and auxiliaries to the enthusiastic men who, till then, thought of nothing else than confronting executioners and scaffolds; he reveals to them his resources, his treasures, his hopes; and he marches with them, not under the sanguinary pendants of rebellion, but beneath the standard of liberty and glory.

A Moor, who owes his life to the generosity of Fiesco, alternately the minister of crimes and vengeance, serves to revive liberty, as he had served to corroborate despotism. His presence announces crime; nor is he belied by the horror which he inspires, whether he displays his dagger stained with the blood of tyrants, or grasps the standard of Fiesco in a hand fatigued with murder. The courage of the conspirators soon overthrows the obstacles which the Doge on all sides interposes in their way. Fiesco, sword in hand, exhibits himself wherever there are dangers to confront, or deaths to despise. The people are intoxicated with joy on finding themselves led by such a man; and shouts of "Fiesco for ever!" are heard. From that moment, Fiesco, victor as he is, becomes guilty in the eyes of the conspirators; and his conduct does not belie their fears. It is then that Verrina, in order to save his friend's life, solicits him to restore liberty to Genoa, and not to tarnish the lustre of his laurels by the robbery of the crown. Fiesco persists in desiring to rule: Verrina throws himself at his feet: Fiesco redoubles his arrogance: and at length the republican veteran drawing his poniard, kills him, and awaits the death which Doria, now in turn become conqueror, prepares for him, in the midst of the imprecations of the unhappy Leonora, and the reproaches of the people and soldiery, who recognised in Fiesco a hero, without perceiving that he was a tyrant.

The tragedy was crowned with full and deserved success. Its style is brilliant, pathetic, and often replete with poetic fire.

**THEATRE DE L' AMBIGU COMIQUE.**—A melodrama, in three acts, entitled *Le Diamant*, has been performed at this theatre. The scene is in Scotland, whether the old Count Walpole, one of the proscribed Scotch refugees, had secretly returned under the name of Patterson, accompanied by his daughter Sophie. The unfortunate nobleman, being reduced to a state bordering on indigence, is forced to dispose of his last resource—a diamond, which Sophie sells to



a Jeweller. Lord Oswald sees the interesting daughter of the outlawed Walpole; becomes enamoured of her, and ignorant of her birth and misfortunes, endeavours to seduce her; but his offers are repelled with disdain. An emissary of Lord Oswald then forms a plan, but without the knowledge of his master, to get Sophie into his power. He steals the diamond which she had sold, and reconveys it secretly into her possession. He then denounces her; she is cast into prison, where he hopes she will be brought to consent to his lordship's wishes. Sophie, on being brought before the magistrate, and understanding that her father's great age exonerates him from the penalty awarded against a returned refugee, declares her name and rank. Lord Oswald, on hearing of the situation in which Sophie is placed by the infamous machinations of his emissary, hastens to rescue her. He comes, however, too late, for, by her own avowal of being the daughter of an outlaw, she incurs the penalty of death. This was a critical moment both for poor Sophie and the author; however, both are saved by the magistrate declaring, that he cannot receive the testimony of a child against a parent, and that, consequently, he has no proof of Sophie being the daughter of an outlaw. The conclusion is in the usual matrimonial style. The third act of this strange story, offering some strong and affecting situations, allayed a "murmuring prelude to a ruder gale," which had began to make itself heard, and M. Ducange was announced as the author, amidst a pretty general expression of applause.

### BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

#### *Recollections of Samuel Foote.*

SHAKESPEARE makes Falstaff not only witty, but the cause of wit in others; and Goldsmith said that no man could be in Caleb Whitefoord's company without catching the itch of punning. The English Aristophanes, as Foote was called, was one of these; and no greater proof can be given of his comic powers than in the following anecdote, related by Dr. Johnson:—"The first time," said he, "I was in company with Foote, was at Fitzherbert's. Having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased,—and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog became so irresistibly comic, that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back in my chair, and fairly laugh it out. Sir, he was irresistible!"

Foote was one day invited to dine at Mer-

chant Tailors' Hall: and so well pleased was he with the entertainment, that he sat till the chief part of the company had left the hall. At length rising, he said—"Gentlemen, I wish you both very good night." "Both!" exclaimed one of the company, "why you must be drunk Foote, here are twenty of us.—" "I have been counting you, and there are just eighteen; and as nine tailors make a man, I'm right,—I wish you both very good night."

Dining at the house of a gentleman, where the Bishop of ——— was present, Foote was in high spirits, and as full of effervescence as a bottle of spruce beer. The bishop being angry at the entire usurpation of the conversation by Foote, after waiting with considerable impatience, exclaimed—"When will that player leave off preaching?"—"Oh! my Lord," said Foote, "the moment I am made a bishop!"

"Mr. Foote," said Lord Kellie, "I know you are a connoisseur in wines, and I have some very old Constantia, which I wish you to taste;" roused by this, Foote looked earnestly for the bottle, when to his great surprise and chagrin, a *pint bottle was produced*. "There," said his lordship, pouring out a *quarter of a glass*, and handing it to his witty guest, "There, Mr. Foote, that Constantia is twenty-two years of age." "Twenty-two years of age!" exclaimed Foote, "why, my lord, it's impossible!" "I give you my honour it is; but why impossible?" "Because," returned the wag, "*it's so little of its age.*"

Old Macklin did not retire from the stage until he was nearly ninety years of age, and then, when his memory was almost gone, he gave lectures. One evening, poor Macklin's memory had repeatedly failed him, and a total stop ensued until the orator had caught the thread of his argument. Foote, who was always present, filled up each interregnum with something witty, and was frequently holding forth when Macklin was ready to resume. "Mr. Foote," at last exclaimed the veteran "*do you know what I am going to say?*" "No, sir," returned the cruel wag, "*do you?*"

By an inadvertence Quin had obtained an ascendancy over Foote, and Foote was afraid to encounter him. This he had allowed his antagonist to discover, and Quin was not a man likely to relinquish a victory obtained over a giant. A coolness in consequence had for some time subsisted between them, when one afternoon they saw each other under the Piazza of Convent Garden. They could not avoid meeting, and Quin held out his hand in token of peace; it was accepted, and they immediately adjourned to the Shakespeare, "to enact," as Quin said, "the play of *Measure for Measure*." They were soon very jovial, but at



last Foote said, "Quin, I can't be happy till I tell you one thing." "Tell it then and be happy, Sam." "Why," said Foote, "you said I had *only one shirt*, and that I laid in bed till that was washed." "I never said it Sam," replied Quin, "I never said it, and I'll soon convince you that I never could have said it,—*I never thought you had a shirt to wash.*"

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### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

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—Science has sought, on weary wing,  
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

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#### MINUTES OF CONVERSATIONS AT DR. MITCHILL'S.

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##### HORTICULTURAL MEDAL.

INTELLIGENCE was received that the Society for promoting improvements in gardening, had voted a Silver Medal to Samuel L. Mitchill, as an expression of the feeling entertained for the donations of seeds, roots, &c. he had from time to time made them; and that Dr. David Hosack, as the presiding officer, had in behalf of the members, presented it in person, on the 20th of January, 1825. The metallic piece is of an elliptical shape, and of a size to be affixed to the base of a buckhorn surmounting a neat bamboo. The words are few and plain: "The New York Horticultural Society to Dr. S. L. Mitchill."

Since the union of the County Society and the State Society into one powerful and respectable body, high expectations have been raised of its future and increasing usefulness. And with the consolidations of so much industry, skill and capital, as the reformed association contains, and the extensive intercourse, held by means of navigation, with all the frequented parts of the globe, it is a matter of reasonable calculation, that every valuable vegetable that is adapted to our climate, or worthy of being reared in green and hot-houses, will enrich and adorn our soil.

##### *A New Material for Brooms and Brushes.*

A neat and convenient brush, of the broom-shape, was produced by the manufacturer, Mr. Hadrack Weed. The material is a native grass growing abundantly on the salt-meadows of Long Island, and indeed of the North American coast generally. It is generally known by the name of *Fox-Grass*. When mowed and dried, it is em-

ployed by the farmers as fodder for their lean cattle. Whether in the conflict of opinion among the botanists, this plant and its co-species be termed *Uniala*, *Spartina*, *Limnetis*, or any thing else, it is perfectly well known to our maritime citizens under the names of Salt Grass and Salt Hay. It grows on the highest part of the marshes, above the reach of ordinary tides. On examining and trying the new Brush, it was found capable of removing dust very readily from coats, cloaks, carpets, &c. In one respect, it was thought preferable to those made of Broom-corn (*Sorghium saccharum*. Ph.) inasmuch as its surface was more glossy, uniform, and even, and destitute of the down or furze which grows on the surface of the panicle of Broom-corn.

##### *Conchology of Germany.*

At Cassel, has been published in quarto, *Charles Pfeiffer's* elaborate arrangement and description of the moluscous animals inhabiting shells, as they are found on the land and in water throughout Germany, and especially in Hesse. The species amount to one hundred and seventy-five; and finely coloured figures done from nature illustrate the written histories. The method he has followed is that of Cuvier in his *Animal Kingdom*. To render the perusal more easy of comprehension, and more readily understood, as there were no names annexed to the drawings, a manuscript list was directed to be made, of the denominations of the several shells, and prefixed to each of the eight tables or plates. Mr. Honighausen, from whom the work was received, has enabled American zoologists to compare the testaceous molluscas of their own country with those of the European Continent.

##### *Italian Clover Seed.*

From Malaga, by the way of Gibraltar, came Richard Somers of the Brig Helen, which arrived at New-York on the 22nd January 1825. He brought a letter and a parcel from Benjamin G. Kissam, M. D. surgeon in the United States Navy. The written communication was dated November 9th, in the bay of Gibraltar; and contains information of this sort; "I send you a specimen of eastern Clover-seed, which at Naples, where I purchased it, is called *"Semenza di Prato."* It is famed as the



best and sweetest feed for cattle; grows luxuriantly and very high; and has a gaudy red appearance when in blossom. It was praised so highly, that I have been at very considerable pains to procure it, and forward it to you for the benefit of our country and for distribution. Commodore Creighton has purchased also a small quantity of it for the Providence Society of Rhode Island."

The bag on being opened, was found to contain the seed in the hull or cup, or in other words, not threshed out or cleaned. The calyx is so characteristic of the family of *Trifolium*, to which the clover belongs, that it is fortunate it had accompanied the seed. The Botanist learns from it that the species belongs to the section of the genus denominated *lagopoda*, or bare-footed, on account of its villous or hairy covering. The *Trifolium pratense*, or Red clover, is a member of the section; and it is not improbable the newly-arrived article is a capital variety of that species. If not so, and it should turn out to be a distinct species, it will nevertheless be very near akin to the common Red clover.

The Neapolitan clover is said by those who have seen it, to grow several feet high, and to put forth flowers, which at a short distance resemble roses. They say too, that it is very ornamental for borders. A liberal portion was sent without delay to the Horticultural Society; and given to numerous cultivators and improvers. And distribution will continue to be made, until the whole shall be expended.

*Conversion of vegetable substances into Iron.*  
—*Various petrifications, &c.—Antiquities.*

When timber or any kind of wood loses its original constitution, so that it assumes a stony form, it is said to be petrified. Such petrifications are frequent in North America. They occur in New-York, Maryland, Alabama, Illinois, and other parts of the Union. The greater portion of them are conversions into lime, flint, or some combination of one, or the other or both, with clay. Specimens on hand from Onondaga, Mobile, &c. confirm this observation.

But there is another class of "Converted relicks," or of organic remains changed into "new forms." This is where, instead of being metamorphosed into stone, they are transmuted into *metal*.

Years ago, animal shells had been received, more than incrustated by iron, and so changed into it, or *ferrified*. Impressions of vegetable leaves exhibit their exact figures and forms, and testaceous remains, as incrustated in ferruginous concretions, from Rockaway beach, Sandy Hook, and elsewhere, show the agglutinating and attractive power of iron.

In addition to all these actual productions of nature, some others were presented, such as,

1. Bog-ore of Iron, or Clay iron-stone, from the town of Fowler, in Saint Lawrence county, N. Y. by Th. O. Fowler, Esq. one sample of which seemed to be the ferrified branch of a pine-tree; and another, ferrified seeds of the Sweet cicely (called by Muhlenberg, *Scandix dulcis*, and by Pursh, *Chærophylum claytoni*.) Cleaveland, it was said, in his *Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy*, &c. was produced to back the assertion, had affirmed, it often "embraced the remains of vegetable shells."

2. A specimen by Geo. E. Palmer, was offered. It seemed to be a fragment of a maple-tree, lapidified from root to branch, in a spot of the Mississippi State, one hundred miles east of Natchez. It was voted that Mr. P. be requested to make proper acknowledgment to P. C. Georcy, Esq. the donor. One part was black, and the other white. It was by some thought the thing was a piece of a beech-tree; though the prevailing opinion was, that it was a species of maple. The tree is large, and the whole lies in a petrified state.

3. From the Island of Jamaica, by Mr. G. Boyd, Carbonate of lime variegated with white, and a sort of cream colour, bearing on its surface a semi-transparent crystalline crust, and containing in its substance, abundance of *Celleporites*, firmly cemented together.—The *Celleporites* are from half an inch to an inch and a half long; and wear the appearance of having been rolled in the waves after the death of the animals that constructed them, and before their association in their present form.

4. By Mr. J. Storer, came fragments of ruins from *Baiæ* near Naples, and Carthage in Africa, in the forms of cement, concretions, and verd antique inlaid with mosaic in the form of a leaf, from the former; and tessellated flooring and green por-



phyry from the latter.—They served as solemn remembrances of fallen pride and glory!—By the same hand was presented also fine specimens of the specular and oridescent iron-ore of Elba, of which the ancient Romans are said to have made the blades of their belt swords.

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SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES  
FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

*Sixth Sense in Fishes.*—In a curious paper by Dr. Knox on the theory of a *Sixth Sense in Fishes*, supposed to reside in certain tubular organs of Sharks and Rays, which are found, on dissection, immediately under the integuments of the head; the ingenious writer is inclined to agree with Mr. Jacobson that these organs are organs of touch. He describes the parallel transparent tubes as they appear, filled with a gelatinous fluid, and largely supplied with nerves which communicate with these integuments; and he also gives an account of their (probable) modes of action—adding his opinion that “they may be classed with the sixth sense invented by Buffon, with the theories of Spallanzani relative to the accurate flight of bats through darkened chambers, after he had destroyed the organs of sight and hearing, leaving to them that organ of sense by which the flight was really directed; or with the *sense of resistance*, which a skilful metaphysical writer invented and defended so plausibly.”

In a work lately published by M. Manert, Professor of History at Landshut, and Member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich, he maintains that the *Itali*, properly so called, are the primitive indigenous people of the country; and that the Illyrians, the Venetians, Pelasgians or Tyrsenians, the Greeks, and the Celts, have emigrated thither.

A Treatise on the Temple of the goddess Venus Urania, at Paphos, has recently been published at Copenhagen, from the pen of Dr. Münter. This goddess of nature, considered as the second principle in the production of all things, was honoured, under different names, in Persia, in Armenia, in Syria, in Phœnicia. The Greeks bestowed her attributes on Artemis and Aphrodite. Even Hera, (Juno) came in for a share of them.

THE ACADEMY OF LUND, in Sweden, has elected for its chancellor prince Oscar, and has transmitted to him at Helsingburg a copy of the discourse pronounced on occasion of this solemnity.

In a life of Canova which has been recently published in Italy, there is a long conversation which took place between Bounaparte and Canova, while the former was sitting to the latter for his bust. It was written down by Canova immediately on their separation.

*Dandelion.*—This plant makes a pleasant sallad in the spring, while the leaves are hardly unfolded. It is much used by the French, who eat it with bread and butter. It may be blanched by culture.

*Horse-radish.*—One drachm of the fresh scraped root of this plant, infused with four ounces of water in a close vessel for two hours, and made into a syrup with double its weight in sugar, is an improved recipe for hoarseness. A tea-spoonful of this has often proved suddenly effectual.

*Onions.*—A few fresh walnuts, or raw leaves of parsley, eaten immediately after dinner, will speedily remove that disagreeable taint which always infects the breath after partaking of onions, garlic, or shallots.

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LITERATURE.

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If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves: if they are just, all that can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.  
MARQUIS D'ARGENS

*Notice of the Works of Eminent Authors.*

POPE.

THERE has been much idle controversy on the character and genius of Pope. While some sapient critics have denied him any merit, save that of being a clever rhyme-maker; others, not less confident in the justice of their opinions, have deified him, and declared his superiority over all other poets. Lord Byron, in the fervour of his admiration, tells us, that were all the treasures of literature about to be destroyed, and were power given to him to snatch but one single author from the impending ruin, he would, without hesitation, choose Pope. “I’faith—this is excellent fooling.” Did his Lordship never hear of Shakspeare or Milton? Bowles and his coadjutors, on the contrary, would prefer to Pope, the veriest sonneteer that ever bepraised the moon or a lady’s lap-dog. These gentlemen are evidently in extremes, and we must seek for truth midway between their opposing opinions. That man’s reasoning faculties must be miserably defective, who can seriously deny to Pope the praise of a great poet; and he must be strangely prejudiced in favour of a particular style in composition,



who could calmly suffer Hamlet and Othello to sink into oblivion, for the sake of the Dunciad or the Rape of the Lock. For those who deny the mighty powers of Pope, we have a triumphant answer in his works. Had he no claims on posterity, but as the writer of the Essay on Man, they would be decisive and irresistible. The philosophy and morality of that noble work is embodied in poetry, as sublimely harmonious and powerful as any the language can boast—every couplet is perfect, there are no weak lines, the parts are beautiful—the whole is faultless. "Oh, but," exclaim the detractors of Pope, "he has no imagination, no feeling, no sympathy with nature, his poetry is artificial, he does not write to the affections—he may enlist the judgement, but over the heart he has no empire." Had the author of the Epistle of Eloisa no feeling? Had the writer of the Rape of the Lock no imagination? Had the poet, who breathed his love of the "dear green earth" in that delightful pastoral, "Windsor Forest," no sympathy with nature? Then imagination, and feeling, and nature, are terms of which we cannot guess the meaning, or they do not exist in the works of any author, if Pope is destitute of them. True it is, that his subjects for the most part led him into different walks. Pathos would have been wretchedly misplaced in the Dunciad: descriptions of natural objects would have been extravagant in the Essay on Criticism; imagination would have displayed his rainbow plumes to but little purpose in the Essay on Man: yet when the theme of his muse required fancy or feeling, or sympathy with nature, what asinine dissector of books will assert that they were wanting? Pope, however, is safe without a defence! The silly squabbles of his friends and foes can neither increase nor diminish his reputation. Proudly secure on his pedestal of glory, he looks down on the puny battles of criticism, and regards his prejudiced enemies and his over zealous admirers with equal indifference. That, in the mere mechanical branch of his art, Pope distanced all his competitors, that wonderful effort of genius and industry, the translation of Homer, abundantly proves: and if his original productions do not entitle him to take the first place among the heirs of literary immortality, which of the illustrious dead can justly be ranked above him?—what living author would not be honoured by a seat at his footstool? Of the great spirits, that illustrate the present age, comparatively little will be known to our children. The fame of Byron probably will depend on his Childe Harold. The name of Moore will be perpetuated by his Melodies—of Southey's voluminous works nothing will remain but Don Roderic, and Scott's many octavos will per-

haps shrink into a few modest duodecimos: but which of Pope's compositions will posterity be content to lose? Time, that unsparing destroyer of dull books, has only consecrated them by his touch; and what was admired by the reading public of Queen Anne's reign, will, it may be safely asserted, give the same pleasure to the literati of George the Fourth. Need we speak of the faults of Pope—(of course, he is open to criticism)—we might remark, that the perpetual recurrence of the same cadence in his poetry displeases the judgment, while it fatigues the ear; we might say, that he too often forgot the impartial severity of the satirist in the irritation and malice of the man. But what work is free from error? and when was poor human nature without faults? We can only lament that he, who did so much well, should have done any thing amiss.

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### THE GRACES.

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"We come," said they, and Echo said, "We come,"  
In sounds that o'er me hovered like perfume:  
"We come," THE GRACES three! to teach the spell,  
That makes sweet woman lovelier than her bloom."  
Then rose a heavenly chant of voice and shell:  
"Let Wit, and Wisdom, with her sovereign Beauty dwell."

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### CALENDAR—MARCH.

Sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent,  
And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,  
The same which over Hellespontus swam.  
SPENSER.

On the first of this month, the fire of the altar of Vesta at Rome was renewed by the sun's rays reflected by a concave steel. The month was under the auspices of MINERVA. From Numa until the first Punic war, public offices were entered on, on March first; from that period they were commenced on the first of January. March was reckoned the first month in France until 1564, when the commencement of the year was changed to January by Charles the ninth. In Scotland it was the first month till 1599; and in England partially till 1752. In Saxony, March was called *Relhe* or *Rough Monath*, and *Lenet* or *Length Monath*, from the lengthening of the days. Thence the name of Lent.

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Now the spirit of the winds  
On his back the pinion binds;  
His no zephyr's fragrant sigh!—  
As he rushes through the sky,  
Like the trampling of a host,  
Day in dusty clouds is lost;  
With a wild and dread commotion  
Sweeps his mighty wing the ocean.



Buried in its shadow dun,  
 Dies in heaven the feeble sun ;  
 Where the day and twilight blend  
 Thunder—laden vapours bend ;  
 Down they burst—A ridge of foam  
 Crests the roaring billows home,  
 Hark, a gun ! Another, hark !  
 There struggles on some noble bark !  
 By the wave and on the height  
 Flares an answering, cheerless light,  
 Where the peasants throng the shore,  
 Shouting through the surges' roar ;  
 But no shout can reach the ear,  
 The storm above is master there.  
 On she reels, a haughty wreck ;  
 Crowded now upon her deck,  
 By the lightning's sudden glare  
 Are seen the victims of despair  
 Praying some, some fixed in gloom,  
 Gazing on their ravening tomb,  
 Father—husband—mother—child—  
 Weeping, desperate, dying, wild !  
 Dashing still through sheets of spray,  
 Now she opes the narrow bay.  
 Fires upon the mountain blaze,  
 Torches thicken through the haze,  
 Thousand hearts are echoing there,  
 "Speed thee, gallant Mariner !"   
 Swells the shout—"brave bark, speed on!"  
 She rounds the rock ; the port is won.  
 Fears, anguish, agonies are o'er  
 For that's Fredonia's welcome shore.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a young man much inclined to thoughtfulness, and consequently very taciturn. I never open my lips (barring meal-times) except to speak to the point, and I never speak to the point except on important topics. I can't talk about the weather, I abominate tea, and I never go to parties. I have a good foot, yet I never dance; good teeth, yet I never laugh unless there be something to laugh at; good clothes, yet I sometimes dine in a black cravat. All this is to the point, you'll allow; but it is not the point on which I wish your advice. Here it is: I am a single man, and intend, heaven willing, to remain so; I board in the same house with two young ladies;—they love talking and tea; I hate both (not the ladies, but the chat and the china,) I am perfectly willing that they should talk, but they are not that I should be silent. *Ergo*, they lash me most unmercifully, *clam et palam*. (I use Latin in order to convince you that I know something.) I am a close student, and am particularly fond of the dead languages. I have translated all the odes of Horace into

English verse, although I must confess that whenever I read my translations, I feel that I have not done justice to the old Venusian. I have told you that I am thoughtful; thinking gives a serious cast to the features; shallow observers are unable to distinguish between gravity and moroseness, and I am set down for a sour and crabbed solitary, though I do aver that I am peculiarly benevolent in my disposition. Yet, they travel the rounds of their acquaintance, representing me as a misanthropist, and what is worse, a misogynist, a gloomy, selfish, and cold being, until I am believed by most of their friends, to be the very devil incarnate.—Thus, sir, with no crimes on my conscience, and with a great many good traits in my disposition, my character is suffering the *auto de fe* of a female inquisition. What shall I do in this deplorable dilemma?

SILENS.

*Answer*.—Talk unceasingly for a week without giving them elbow room for a sentence, and you will ever after be lauded for your silence.

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### LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,—We are two young ladies with blue eyes, long eyelashes, and Grecian noses. We have white and regular teeth, which no skeleton has any right to claim, and which have not been razed from the grinders of an elephant. Our complexions are fair, yet we are not down in Miss St. Martin's books for *rouge*, and our curls are beautifully waving and our own. We hope this account of ourselves will dispose you to listen favourably to what we have to say.—It is this—In the same house with us boards a young gentleman of good family, and, people say, of good sense; would that we could apply the same epithet to his manners. Not that he is positively impudent, but, we can't get him to talk. It is true he answers our questions, but he never asks any, and his replies to our queries are often so odd, that we don't know what to make of them. It was but the other day, as he was standing at the window, just before breakfast time, that one of us went up to him with a most engaging smile, saying, "Mr. ——— what kind of weather shall we have to-day?" And what do you think he answered? He took up an Almanac and read, "High winds with some flurries of snow about these days;" and ad-



ded that he thought the Almanac-makers had dealt unfairly by us this season, and given us more than our share of wet weather. This was the greatest number of words we have known him to use at one time for six calendar months. Besides, Mr. Editor, he is as grave as a church-mouse. We keep a register of his laughs, and count only two for the last half-year. One was when he saw Miss Patty Prue put mustard on her apple-pie, in a fit of absence, and the other when Captain Flash (the wit of our house,) put cayenne pepper in Doctor Bolus's snuff-box. Now sir, we wish to know whether such silence and such gravity in a young man who has nothing to trouble him, be not circumstantial evidence of some dreadful crime on his conscience? and if so, how we must proceed to have him punished?—Miss Prue says that she is sure he is an assassin; for as she was passing his room door one evening, she heard him exclaim, apparently in the agony of self-reproach, "Oh, Horace! I have murdered you most unmercifully!" She didn't hear the sur-name of the unfortunate victim, but she says she means to put an advertisement in the papers inquiring whether any person christened with this name, has been missing lately.—However, should he prove to be innocent after all, we should be glad to devise some means of making the statue speak, for we have no beaux at our house. We have heard some one say that there was once an obstinate old fellow whose name was Proteus, and that the only way to make him talk, was to seize him by the shoulders and torment him till he complied. We wish to know, Mr. Editor, whether in the present instance, it would be proper and advisable to adopt a similar course. Yours.

CLARA and SOPHIA.

*Answer.*—If your bright eyes, "them there dazzlers," as Billy Lackaday says, cannot melt his heart, the case is remediless; he would not thaw in the crater of Hecla. Send him to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

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#### *A Short Dissertation on Long Noses.*

OID, it is well known, derived his *so-briquet* of Naso, from the undue magnitude

of that appendage, though it did not deter him from aspiring to the affections of Julia, the daughter of Augustus. Though a roomy nose may afford a good handle for ridicule, there are cases, in which a certain magnificence and superabundance of that feature, if not abstractedly becoming, has, at least, something appropriate in its redundancy, according well with the characteristics of its wearer. It has advantages as well as disadvantages. A man of any spirit is compelled to take cognizance of offences committed under his very nose, but with such a promontory as we have been describing, they may come within the strict letter of the phrase, and yet be far enough removed to afford him a good plea for protesting that they escaped his observation. He is not bound to see within his nose, much less beyond it. Should a quarrel, however, become inevitable, the very construction of this member compels him to meet his adversary half way. Nothing could reconcile us to a bulbous excrescence of this inflated description, if we saw it appended to a poor little insignificant creature, giving him the appearance of the Toucan, or spoon-bill; and suggesting the idea of his being tied to his own nose to prevent his straying. But suppose the case of a burly, jovial, corpulent *alderman*, standing behind such an appendage, with all its indorsements, riders, addenda, extra-parochial appurtenances, and Taliacotion supplements, like a sow with her whole litter of pigs, or (to speak more respectfully) like a venerable old abbey, with all its projecting chapels, oratories, refectories, and abutments; and it will seem to dilate itself before its wearer with an air of portly and appropriate companionship. I speak not here of a simple bottle-nose, but one of a thousand bottles, a poly-petalous enormity, whose blushing honours, as becoming to it as the stars, crosses, and ribbons of a successful general, are trophies of past victories, the *colours* won in tavern campaigns. They recall to us the clatter of knives, the slaughter of turtle, the shedding of claret, the deglutition of magnums. Esurient and bibulous reminiscences ooze from its surface, and each protuberance is historical. One is the record of a Pitt-club dinner; another of the corporation feast; a third, commemorates a tipsy carousal, in support of religion and social order.

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### IMPORTANCE OF WIGS.

The full-bottomed wigs, which were worn in England in the days of Addison and Pope, were first contrived by the French barber Duviller, to conceal the duke of Burgundy's hump-back, and so became fashionable; for

it is always a rule with courtiers to ape their king or prince of the blood. The English then imported all their fashions from France. Lewis the fourteenth, that grand monarque, was so persuaded of the necessity of an uninterrupted appearance of majesty, that no human being was ever permitted to see him without his wig. Luckily the following little affair did not happen to Lewis, that august wig-fancier. During the assembly of the Diet, in Dresden, Augustus the Strong invited several of the principal members to an entertainment; champagne was, of course, not wanting; a page stole a bottle of it, and put it in his coat-pocket. Being incessantly employed, he was unhappily unable to put his booty in a place of security; but his constant motion having caused the wine to ferment, just as he was standing behind the king, it exploded; the cork flew up to the ceiling, and the champagne rushed out of the pocket, in the direction of the king's wig, and bathed it so effectually, that the wine ran in streams from the curls. One part of the company was frightened, while another part could scarcely refrain from laughter. The page, more dead than alive, threw himself at the king's feet, and his majesty immediately sent the pilferer away, not from his service, but for a dry wig, advising him, at the same time, never to carry bottles with such liquor so long about him.

The emperor Charles VI. would allow no one to be admitted into his presence without a wig with two tails: the grand signor is most partial to three! Wigs are of importance at the English bar, for they actually shew how much the eye expects to be gratified, at the first glance, among objects to which it has been accustomed. On the death of counsellor Pitcairne, not many years ago, counsellor Seare bought his tye-wig; and when Seare appeared in it at the chancery bar, the lord chancellor (Hardwick) addressing Mr. Seare, (or rather the wig) said, "Mr. Pitcairne, have you any thing to move?"

That the sight of a wig, judicial has some effect, we have shewn; why not an evangelical one? A man returned from attending one of Whitefield's sermons, and said it was good for him to be there: the place, indeed, was so crowded, that he had not been able to get near enough to hear; but then, he said, "I saw his blessed wig." In theatricals, Lee Lewis says, he remembers Garrick, in the scene following that in which he is chosen king, in Macbeth, coming on the stage with a wig as large as any worn now by the gravest of our barons of the exchequer; yet Garrick was a good judge of effect. *Tempora mutantur.*

Men change with fortune, manners change with climes,  
Wigs yield to crops, and principles with times.

## EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 23. Vol. II. of *New Series* of the *MISNERVA* will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Dominie of Kilwoody.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Celtic Sketches*, No. III.

THE DRAMA.—*London Theatres.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Arthur Aikin.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Conversations at Dr. Mitchell's. Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Notices of Works of Eminent Authors.*

THE GRACES.—*French Fashions.*

MISCELLANEOUS.—*Prophecies for the year 1825. The Natal Calendar.*

POETRY.—Original and other pieces.

GLENER, RECORD, ENIGMAS.

## THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

The inhabitants of New-York are now supplied with good milk at 3 cents a quart, at the Fulton Market.

The culture of Cotton is fast extending in Virginia; and not far from Richmond some planters are turning their attention to it, and cultivate from twenty to one hundred acres per year.

A bill has passed the Legislature of Maine for incorporating the Canal Bank, with a capital of \$300,000.

A bill to authorize the Laxawaxen Coal Company to connect their operations with the Hudson and Delaware Navigation Company, has passed the Senate of Pennsylvania.

The whole number of passengers, including Americans, that have arrived in the United States, during the year ending on the 30th of September last, amounted to 9560.

Another expedition to Africa, to explore the course of the Niger, is said to have been resolved on by the British government.

Captain Franklin was to embark at Liverpool, for New-York, on the 8th Feb. on his arctic expedition.

## MARRIED,

Mr. J. H. Hardenbrook to Miss A. Rooke.  
Mr. J. D. Walker to Miss E. R. Gillender.  
Mr. R. Brant to Miss S. Rindale.  
Mr. B. Astor to Miss L. Woodcock.

## DIED,

Edward J. Schermerhorn, aged 15 years.  
Mr. I. Wilkins, aged 48 years.  
Mr. B. Ford, aged 63 years.  
Mr. George Barnwell.  
Rev. John B. Romeyn, D. D.  
Mr. G. Van Horne, aged 67 years.  
Mrs. M. Stiller, aged 77 years.



## POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

### THE GRAVE.

"I have a hundred times wished that one could resign life as an officer resigns a commission."

ROBERT BURNS' LETTERS.

The grave, the grave! oh, happy they  
Whom death hath seized in early spring,  
Who sleep within the house of clay,  
Gathered when life is blossoming;  
The grave, the grave! ah, sorrow there,  
May aim her many shafts in vain,  
And the dark spectre of despair  
Stalks powerless in that domain.

They sleep—the selfish and the vile,  
Can never more their feelings wring;  
Unkind deceit and heartless guile,  
And envy never more can sting:  
And love, which only lives to mourn,  
Can never blight their hearts again,  
For on the cold and senseless urn  
His wasting mildews fall in vain.

Then, weep not, weep not for the dead,  
The cold clay doth not heed the tear;  
But weep for those who bow the head  
In life when life holds nothing dear—  
Weep for the living who conceal  
The moody madness of the breast,  
Mourn not the dead—they cannot feel—  
Mourn not the dead—they are at rest.

J. G. B.

For the Minerva.

### STANZAS TO B—

Oh say, when the toilsome day is done,  
As we sit by the light of the evening fire,  
Do not the thoughts of past hours return,  
The heart, with kindlier feelings respire,  
In reviewing the vista, of days long gone,  
Oh! who would sweeter moments desire?

I love to watch the flickering blaze,  
To me 'tis a holy, and sacred feeling;  
Thought succeeds thought in the transient gaze,  
And meditation is over us stealing,  
From lighter subjects our minds we raise,  
While mem'ry departed time is revealing.

Absent friends are no longer forgot,  
Years and ages are lived o'er again,  
And life is considered, alas! as what?  
Pleasure but fleeting, and ending in pain,  
And we long for that little and earthly spot,  
Where joys and troubles alike are vain.

J. B.

For the Minerva.

In the following effusion of Lord Lyttleton, there is some truth with much wit. A rusticated beauty feels

in a great measure like a rusticated collegian, little disposed to relish the charms of the country.

### Soliloquy of a Beauty in the Country.

'Twas night: and Flavia to her room retired  
With evening chat, and sober reading tired;  
There melancholy, pensive, and alone,  
She meditates on the forsaken town;  
On her rais'd arm reclined her drooping head,  
She sigh'd and thus in plaintive accent said:  
"Ah, what avails it to be young and fair,  
To move with negligence, to dress with care?  
What worth have all the charms our pride can  
boast,

If all in envious solitude are lost?  
Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel,  
Where none are Beaux, 'tis vain to be a Belle:  
Beauty, like wit, to judges must be shewn;  
Both most are valued, where they best are  
known.

With ev'ry grace of nature, or of art;  
We cannot break one stubborn country heart:  
The brutes, insensible, our power defy;  
To love exceeds a squire's capacity.

The town, the court, is beauty's proper sphere,  
That is our heav'n and we are angels there:  
In that gay circle thousand Cupids rove,  
The court of Britain is the court of Love.

How has my conscious heart with triumph  
glow'd, [shew'd,

How have my sparkling eyes their transport  
At each distinguished birth-night ball to see  
The homage due to empire, paid to me!

When ev'ry eye was fix'd on me alone, [frown:  
And dreaded mine more than a monarch's  
When rival statesmen for my favour strove,  
Less jealous in their power, than in their love.

Chang'd is the scene; and all my glories die,  
Like flowers transplanted to a colder sky;  
Lost is the dear delight of giving pain,  
The tyrant joy of hearing slaves complain.

In stupid indolence my life is spent,  
Supinely calm, and dully innocent,  
Unblest I wear my useless time away:  
Sleep (wretched maid!) all night, and dream  
all day;

Go at set hours to dinner and to prayer,  
For dulness ever must be regular.  
Now with mama at tedious whist I play,  
Now without scandal drink insipid tea;  
Or in the garden breathe the country air  
Secure from meeting any tempter there;  
From books to work, from work to books I rove,  
And am (alas!) at leisure to improve!

Is this the life a Beauty ought to lead?  
Were eyes so radiant only made to read?  
These fingers, at whose touch ev'n age would  
glow,

Are these of use for nothing but to sew?  
Sure erring Nature never could design  
To form a house-wife in a mould like mine!  
O Venus! queen and guardian of the fair,  
Attend propitious to thy votary's pray'r:  
Let me revisit the dear town again:  
Let me be seen! could I that wish obtain,  
All other wishes my own power would gain."

For the Minerva.

The following translation from a Dutch poet with a name so long that we cannot remember half of it, possesses merit. What motive the Muse can have to stray

from her fair mountain and lodge by the side of a dyke amidst damps and fogs, we cannot pretend to say. Certain it is, however, that Joannes Secundus is not the only Dutchman who has written good poetry, in spite of a foggy atmosphere.

### THE ROSES.

I saw them once blowing  
While morning was glowing,  
But now are their wither'd leaves strew'd on the ground,  
For tempest to play on,  
For cold worms to prey on,  
The shame of the garden that triumphs around.

Their buds which then flourish'd  
With dew-drops were nourish'd,  
Which turn'd into pearls as they fell from on high;  
Their hues are all banish'd,  
Their fragrance all vanish'd,  
Ere evening a shadow has cast from the sky.

I saw, too, whole races  
Of glories and graces  
Thus open and blossom, but quickly decay;  
And smiling and gladness,  
In sorrow and sadness,  
Ere life reach'd its twilight fade dimly away.

Joy's light-hearted dances,  
And melody's glances,  
Are rays of a moment—are dying when born;  
And pleasure's best dower  
Is nought but a flower,  
A vanishing dew-drop—a gem of the morn.

The bright eye is clouded,  
Its brilliancy shrouded,  
Our strength disappears, we are helpless and lone;  
No reason avails us,  
And intellect fails us;  
Life's spirit is wasted, and darkness comes on.

### MY HARP.

(FROM HOELTY.)

My friends! when I am dead and gone,  
Let my harp be laid by the altar-stone;  
Under the wall with dead-wreaths hung  
Of maidens who died so fair and young!

The traveller oft at eve shall stand  
To gaze on that harp with the rosy band;  
The rosy band o'er the small harp flung,  
That flutters the golden chords among!

Those chords shall pour low melodies,  
Self uttered, soft as the hum of bees;  
The children, allured from their sports around,  
Shall mark how the dead-wreaths stir at the sound.

### STANZAS TO ———

*By the late Mr. Shelley.*

The odour from the flower is gone,  
Which like thy kisses breathed on me;  
The colour from the flower is flown,  
Which glowed of thee, and only thee!

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,  
It lies on my abandoned breast,  
And mocks the heart which yet is warm  
With cold and silentrest.

I weep—my tears revive it not!  
I sigh—it breathes no more on me:  
Its mute and uncomplaining lot  
Is such as mine should be.

### THE WAY TO MOUNT ZION.

Dispatch'd on an errand t'other day, Pat O' Bryan  
Of a tailor inquir'd the way to Mount Zion.\*  
The tailor was pious: as he sat on his perch  
He gravely replied, "Why Mount Zion's the church."  
"What a bothering lie," in a fury cried Pat,  
"For yonder's the church quite down in the flat."†

\* The name of a place in Bath.

† The abbey church stands in a low part of the city.

### FROM THE GREEK.

A fool, tormented all the night,  
From top to toe, with fleas,  
Cries, "Well, Sirs, I'll put out my light—  
Now let him bite—that sees!"

### ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all  
Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answers to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Money.

NEW PUZZLE.

I.

Before the sun had found his destin'd way,  
And blest the chaos with refulgent day;  
Ere the pale moon reflected from on high,  
Or starry studs had lighted up the sky,  
I claim my birth; and in dark caverns lay,  
Where no bright beam could pierce th' imper-  
vious way,  
Till some intrepid wretch, by lucre led,  
Div'd and discover'd my benighted bed;  
Hurry from hence I'm forc'd to undergo,  
The scorch of heat and scourge of souls below;  
Here I a second name and nature have,  
Such as my dark discoloured maker gave.  
As moles disjoin and perforate the clay,  
My snout pervades and drills her fiery way;  
My arms compressed, my jaws together lie,  
But when discovered both expanded fly;  
Then who or what am I, ye ladies shew,  
For no one more than you my service know.

ANAGRAM.

A bear not up. (A public character.)

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